

The Messenger.

JACKSON & BELL COMPANY.

Entered at the Postoffice at Wilmington, N. C., as second class mail matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE DAILY MESSENGER, by mail, one year, \$7.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.75; one month, 60 cents.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY MESSENGER (two 8 page papers), by mail, one year, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents, in advance.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1897.

ESSENTIALS FOR APPRECIATING POETRY

Let us briefly consider some of the essentials for appreciating poetry? Can it be that every one who reads has any true conception of the quality of the verse and is able to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit, between the excellent and the commonplace, between great poetry and popular poetry? Does it really require any thing like special culture and inborn taste to correctly assay metrical composition or poetic thoughts and form? It is doubtless difficult to define what is taste satisfactorily. It may be said that it is something—a gift, an endowment inborn, implanted by God, that may be developed and made pure by proper culture, by close study of the great masters of verse and inspiration, but is a principle or gift or endowment that can never be implanted by any art or effort. All the universities on earth could no more endow a man with true taste in poetry, a genuine love of the highest poetry, a real understanding of and relish for the most exquisite technique and melodies of verse without the inborn quality we speak of, than all the musical conservatories could make a great musical genius—a Handel or Mendelssohn or Mozart—out of a man who could not turn a tune and is wholly destitute of the musical gift. It would be as easy for cultivation and study in colleges and universities to create such a splendid poetical genius out the veriest boor who ever stumbled over his letters as to create a man of true poetic taste and sympathies and insight out of a person to whom the Muses had contributed no gift at his birth and for whom no lofty hymnings and inspired meditations were ever intended.

This present age is so absorbed in the material, in money getting, that it has no taste or time for the highest forms of thought, no apprehension of the highest poetry of the ages, no relish for what the inspired are singing as the days pass. It is as the able, literary London Spectator affirms a time of the "anti-poetical." There is no doubt of this. There are of course among the hundreds of millions of earth here and there men and women who love poetry for itself, and who read with intense satisfaction the great productions of the noblest inspired thinkers of the mighty past. You will find ninety-nine persons turning from verse to prose where you will find one lingering in pleasure and even fascination over the pages of creative minds expressing their high thoughts in the gracious cadences of rhythmical verse. The deplorable age, are very numerous—their name is legion. It has been recently mentioned how Darwin, who has so many followers in his man-monkey theory, lost all taste or inclination for poetry. His mind "became dead to poetry as it did to certain other realms of art and imagination." He grovelled in the dirt so much flinging and classifying names that his mind lost all that was truly noble and inspiring. Sir William Herschel about lost all relish for poetry by his one study of the heavens. There are many who belong to the class mentioned by Sir Philip Sidney who are utterly indifferent to imaginative production because they "are of so earth-creeping a mind that they cannot rise to the sky of poetry." The Spectator dwelling on this manifestation—this decay as to taste, says that "many of these anti-poetical folk have, as Sir George Chesney, in one of his Indian novels, admirably expressed it, 'plenty of good old stupid blood in their veins,' so that it is easy to account for their indifference or contempt for our favorite form of literature, and to blame ourselves on our own superiority. But the case is not so delightfully simple as this. For other cavillers are as decidedly clever, and the problem we have to confront is, how is it that so many able men and women have ranged themselves on the anti-poetical side?" As we said in effect above all men are no more born with a poetic taste than for a genius for music or art. Men are born with superior intellects, but they are deficient in the imaginative faculty. Hence works of the imagination fail to appeal to them, as they neither relish nor respond to poetic thought nor poetic language. The music of numbers, in their case, fall on insensate ears, and the exquisite workmanship of genius, with its perfection of form and music, is all lost upon inartistic and unpoetic natures. The Spectator says admirably, penetratingly:

"Idealization is perhaps the highest exercise of the imaginative faculty, and its source lies in a longing for perfection and a quick sensibility to all manifestations of beauty, whether material or spiritual, and a sympathetic insight enabling the poet to detect it wherever it may be found. He sees it himself, and can open the eyes of others to perceive it in nature, in life, in character,

reading in it, to borrow a Scriptural phrase, a copy of the pattern shown in the mount. With the eye of the seer he looks beyond and below the outward into the inward, his quick insight revealing the essential truth of everything, whether good or bad. That which is dark throws up the light into higher relief, the poet using it to set forth some truth of life or thought, and thus becoming the prophet and teacher. For if we go deep enough, we find that moral and spiritual truth are one with beauty:

'Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all
Ye know o' earth, and all ye need to know.'

For divine or eternal truth must be beautiful, and the highest beauty must be true, because it is the ideal as it exists in the mind of God. It was this thought that was with Milton when he spoke of the Cheator looking at his world:

'How it showed,
Answering his great idea.'

Men may live in a strictly materialistic age where the eternal clamor is for utility, and yet love deeply "melodious thought." Others live in such surroundings they are wholly indifferent to the song of birds, the rare beauties and delights of nature, the enrapturing power of inspired thought clothed in words of magic and in numbers that flow in musical cadence that arrest and charm. If a man cannot appreciate the ideal he will never be a lover of poetry of the higher kind, if of any kind. The Spectator says of the want of taste for poetry:

"The failure may lie, not in the power of appreciating poetic thought, but in the capacity to enjoy poetic sound. There are many persons who are insensible to the charms of the medium in which the poet works, and have little or no ear for poetic language, a gift entirely distinct from that of an ear for music and as variously withheld and bestowed. Does this come from a physical or an intellectual defect? Is it with or ears or our minds that we enjoy the language of poetry? We believe it is with both."

The thousand finest passages in poetry—those that charm forever like "sweetest songs"—are "caviare to the general," and fall like lead upon the mind that has no awakening responses. Repeat the noblest verse, the highest imaginings of the greatest poetic genius that ever sang for men, the most majestic or pathetic or musical or beautiful in all the world of poetry, and the unpoetical taste, the anti-poetical mind, will never recognize that which is best and sweetest and noblest and most ennobling. On the other hand, take the man, with sympathetic love, whose mind and ear are trained in harmony, and how the organ of Milton's mighty song will ring through his soul, or the manifold beauties, the teeming richness, the majestic splendor, the lofty inspirations, the mighty harpings, the despotic power of thought, the abounding charm of humor, the world-wide philosophy of Shakespeare, the world's one wonder, shall sweep through him and move him "with seven-fold harmonies," as nothing else can move him outside of the marvellous revelations and inspirations of God's eternal Word. We make one more extract from the Spectator's reflections:

"Given the power of idealization and the mind of ear for poetical language, it will be a continual joy. That there are other minor causes for indifference to poetry we quite admit, such as the impulsion felt by the intensely practical, businesslike mind to get at a writer's meaning at once, without having to reach it through the images and parables and circumlocution of the poet, but we believe that we have indicated the main ones. Where the necessary qualifications are all wanting, then, however gifted otherwise our anti-poetical friends may be, we can only say that though they are not sorry for themselves, we are extremely sorry for them."

The illustrious S. T. Coleridge, a very great poet, who charmed Tennyson beyond most of the master singers, said that "poetry had been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." And this is not wholly unlike a fine sentiment of the eminent German poet, Jean Paul Richter, who said with something of poetic ardor, that "there are so many tender and holy emotions flying in our inward world, which like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness Poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all those incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all

Poor and Weak

Catarrh and Bronchial Trouble—
Had no Appetite—Now Better in
Every Way—A Delicate Child.

"Some time since I took a sudden cold and could not get rid of it. Being subject to catarrh and bronchial trouble I coughed terribly. I lost my appetite and grew poor and weak and I did not feel like work. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time the cough disappeared, I slept well, had a good appetite and I was better in every way. Last spring I was not feeling well, I had no appetite and no strength. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon felt more like work. My little nephew was a delicate child and had a humor which troubled him so he could not rest at night. He has taken a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and now he has a good appetite and is able to sleep." MISS ABIE J. FREEMAN, South Duxbury, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

those flowers." Some there are some there have been who pretend to despise poetry and music. They are perhaps grave, serious, absorbed men who profess no time for dalliance and have no sensibility to such charms. These are not the men for companionship, and have rarely blessed mankind. The world has been very slow in really appreciating its greatest men, and they are the greatest poets. The great Greek tragic poets, and Dante, and Shakespeare and Milton and perhaps Goethe, and three or four other foremost English poets have been slowly learned. It is only in this century that the Greek drama and Shakespeare have been rightly estimated and their true greatness properly discerned. But so long as this world lasts and letters with it, so long shall poetry be the delight, the consolation and the enchantment of the few. That pure English writer, the simple hearted Goldsmith, with genuine insight and love in his heart gave this to the world more than an hundred years ago:

"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou lovest
maid
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of
shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame,
Dear charming Nymph, neglected and
denied,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and
keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler art
excels,
Thou nurse of every virtue."

A Clever Trick
It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Painful Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents a bottle at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

The preaching of dogma has gone into such prolonged desuetude that it is really very uncommon to hear a sermon on the great fundamental truths of Christianity. If the preachers avoid the peculiar doctrines of their respective churches about which learned and sincere ministers disagree, they should not pretermit discussing the profound and accepted truths that are basic in Christianity. It is all what is called "practical" preaching and often the sermons are misfits for the points made are for a class that very likely is not present. We have heard a sermon on non-attendance to church, say, when those who heard it always attended and the stay-aways neither caught it nor perhaps heard of it. Too much "practical" and no doctrinal or dogmatic preaching becomes wearisome and dull. Do not avoid the great truths and give your entire time to neglects, peccadilloes, and little truths. The whole Gospel should be preached. Do not try to amuse by spouting of current events. No man of sense or piety goes to church to hear politics and games and literature and other passing fads or frivolities dwelt upon. And yet in the newspapers you will see constantly announced that Rev. Son of Thunder preached on the election or Rev. Simon Magus on not paying the preacher or Rev. Dr. T. Simpleton Humbug on foot ball, or Rev. Dr. Johannes Jumblew had discussed the last wicked novel. Such nonsense is not for the pulpit. It is a will-o-the-wisp without propriety or force or staying quality and can never help a sinner on to God and eternal life. It is simply a sin and an abuse of privilege to so desecrate the Lord's Day and when men and women hurrying on to their eternal doom come asking for the bread of eternal life to give them the poison of politics and when anxiously inquiring "What must we do to be saved?" to hand out to them a spluttering discourse on "Jude the Obscure," or some other nauseous, noxious novel. No man of genuine intelligence and religious character can possibly crave or enjoy such self-seeking displays, full of emptiness and philosophizing falsely so-called. Preach the great truths of the Bible—the eternal verities, and thus avoid insipidity, and blunders and dullness. The preacher who leaves imperishable truth to seek after the passing show and the glimmer of Vanity Fair will end in a slough of despond and wake up when too late to the falsity of his life, the blunderings of his efforts to tickle, and the inanity and stupidity of his pulpit vaporings. Many a minister gets into the bog and is never extricated.

The ably conducted New York Observer, Presbyterian, pleading for dogma—the proclaiming of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God in all its fullness, said this some time since:

"Under the influence of a morbid dread of being commonplace and of a juvenile passion for originality, men avoid the great highways of Christian thought and wander off into bypaths which, however pleasant, do not lead into the secret place of the Most High. Fuller experience of life and keener realization of the sacred urgency of

the message entrusted to their care must teach such ministers that they are deliberately excluding themselves from the subject which in all ages have exerted the profoundest influence on the vigorous and frequent attempt to the moral and spiritual life of mankind. If any permanent effect is to be produced by preaching, there must be put before the people the great truths of the Christian faith in their native dignity and power. A study of the methods of the most influential and useful ministers of our generation makes this apparent."

The attentive reader of the New Testament except in the wonderful deliverances of the Lord and Saviour can find nothing noteworthy, so marvellous in profundity and breadth of statement as St. Paul's letters. John's Gospel is of course among the richest treasures of the Book, but it is the sayings of Jesus recorded therein that constitute its tremendous wealth. We purpose briefly to deal with a few words of the great Apostle and a most wonderful scene recorded in the Book of Acts, 27th chapter, from the 25th to 32nd verse inclusive. It is too full for our space except for lightest touch. It is a grand lesson showing us that it is God's promises that bind us to His commands—a very significant proposition. In the first verse indicated Paul said to all on board, 270 souls, "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me." There is the trouble with man in his dealings with Jehovah—he does not hearken—does not heed and obey until too late—an awful reflection. When the end cometh then it is made plain that man's folly brings his own condemnation. God will be obeyed. All is conditioned upon heeding and serving God, walking obediently according to His commands which are not grievous. On shipboard nearly three hundred lives were at the mercy of the waves. Paul had given due notice, due warning, but he was not regarded, and now an immediate death stares every one of them in the face. The great sea was tempestuous and their lives were in very great jeopardy. If they had obeyed Paul the vessel would have been secure in harbor for all winter. But alas! it was now greatly tempest lost alas! it was now greatly tempest lost come and all would find burial in "the deep sea incarnadine." This carries a lesson and a warning to every reader of the Scriptural record or of these comments. It will be indeed a most sad, solemn, bitter experience in eternity to think how God was despised. His words unheeded, his promises and warnings, his entreaties and commands were spurned as the empty words of a mere man. Those who treat the Bible as a fable, as so much emptiness, signifying nothing, will have the endless beyond in which to discover their fatal mistake now become forever irremediable. Then memory will bring back to them much they have forgotten. The awful past will appear to rebuke them and the truth of God will be amply vindicated and be pressed upon them again and again that it might have been quite otherwise, but now, alas! it is forever too late. They will then realize how dreadful the mistake, how fatal their conduct, how stupid they folly, how powerful is the word of Jehovah, King of kings and Lord of lords. The fulfillment of truth in their eternal loss and condemnation will come upon them with fearful rebuke and pain. Repinings will then be too late. Pleas for mercy will then come back to them empty. All their gain will prove to them an everlasting loss. "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me." Now the time of probation is ended. The destiny of the soul is fixed; the doors of mercy are closed, the Saviour is on the throne of judgment. Then God's wonderful pleadings and entreaties and invitations and warnings will come up with tremendous force and with awful penalties. Listen to God; "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my proof: I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind." Most memorable, most awful, most solemn, most tremendous words! Treasure them. "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me." We must reserve the consideration of other portions of the lesson for another time.

The Greatest Discovery Yet
W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record for cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

The Farmer and the Queen
The queen was once informed by the manager of her Shaw farm that a Scottish farmer was a breeder of superior collie dogs, and she thereupon expressed a wish to possess one of them. Accordingly, the farmer forwarded two beautiful dogs, and her majesty gave orders that the next time he came to the farm he should immediately be taken up to the castle. The farmer was somewhat uneasy as to how he should comport himself in the presence of royalty, and the manager put him through his paces. At last the day arrived, and he was ushered into the presence of the queen. Her majesty shook hands with him, and said: "I have to thank you for those two beautiful collies you sent me!" To which the farmer replied: "Yes, your majesty, I have a dog yet to send you, but I don't know what to call it. I'll call it 'The Queen's Collie'." "What's the matter with a dog named 'The Queen's Collie'?" "I don't know, your majesty, but I'll call it 'The Queen's Collie'." "What's the matter with a dog named 'The Queen's Collie'?" "I don't know, your majesty, but I'll call it 'The Queen's Collie'."

NORTH CAROLINA RESOURCES

Facts and Figures Gathered from the Report of the Commissioner of Labor (Special Correspondence.)

Messenger Bureau, Raleigh, N. C., November 19. In the chapter on fruit growing in western North Carolina, which is to appear in this year's report of the state labor commissioner, it is stated that fourteen counties ship 50,000 barrels; Haywood and Swain 15,000 each; Caldwell and Wilkes, 10,000; Yancey, Clay, Jackson and Surry, 5,000. There are many localities in this section where peaches are seldom killed, and especially is this the case in the thermal region. Apples are kept all winter in ordinary cellars. It is destined to be the greatest apple growing region in America. There have so far been few attempts to grow apples in a systematic manner, and an absence of system as to culling, packing and shipping. These North Carolina apples have this year taken prizes at New York exhibitions. The great size of many of the trees attracts attention; as it is not uncommon to find them three feet in diameter.

TANNERIES.
The tannery industry is much larger in this state than is generally known. A very large proportion of the hides produced are tanned in the state. The abundance of oak and hemlock bark would enable the state to tan all the leather used within its limits. A large part of the leather now produced in the state is made into harness and collars. The greater part of these go to Baltimore, Richmond and Atlanta, and successfully compete with the product of other states. A list of 122 tanneries is given, with postoffice addresses and owners. Chatham county leads with 8.

COPPER MINING.
The copper ores of this state usually occur in two forms—gold bearing and non-gold bearing. The ores in Person and Granville, with a high percentage of copper, have never received the attention they deserve. One of the mines, the Ore Knob, in Ashe, has been worked to an immense extent and to a depth of 400 feet. The discovery of a vast deposit on the extreme western boundary of the state has led to mining on a great scale, and over 1,000 persons are employed. This last discovered deposit is probably on the Georgia side of the line. A list of 14 mines is given from which copper alone is taken, and of 22 from which considerable quantities of copper have been taken in connection with the gold mined.

MARBLE.
Marble is found in Catawba, in the north extension of the King's Mountain crest. In McDowell, Swain and Cherokee, but the Cherokee quarries are the most important of all. These are now quite extensively worked. Marble of various colors and of high grade is being shipped from that county in large quantities. Georgia and Tennessee get the credit of producing a large quantity of marble which is really the product of western North Carolina. The peculiar situation of Cherokee makes the markets of these states much nearer than those of this state. It is declared that a lot of marble used in building the new congressional library and known as "Georgia" and "Tennessee" marble, was taken from Cherokee quarries. A list of 8 quarries is given, 6 of these being in Cherokee.

MARLS AND PHOSPHATES.
In the majority of the counties of the coastal plain regions, marls are found near enough to the surface to render it practical to mine them. They contain from 50 to 90 per cent. of carbonate of lime, but so cheap has lime been in recent years that the farmers say they can buy it cheaper than they can mine and haul the marl. Deposits of phosphate have been found in Duplin, Sampson, Pender, Onslow, Brunswick and New Hanover. In the last the Castle Haynes mine is in operation and is the only one in the state. Most of it has been shipped by the private owners to fertilizer companies at Wilmington, Norfolk and Baltimore in the crude state. A Wilmington firm now proposes to take all the product from the state (which this year bought 15,000 tons) up to 20,000 tons a year. In Sampson and Duplin the phosphate is found in beds ranging from a few inches to two feet in thickness, highly water-worn and overlaid by from 6 to 10 feet of sand.

BUILDING STONES.
Three of the geological belts in the state carry most of the stone used for building purposes; the brownstone of Anson, Chatham, Wake, Durham, Guilford, Orange, Rockingham and Stokes; the granites in two eastern, five middle, twelve piedmont and four mountain counties. One of the largest and most remarkable formations of granite occurs in Wilkes and is known as Stone Mountain, which furnishes stone of a fair quality and is soon to be developed. The best known granite quarry is that at Mt. Airy, and is extensively worked. It is of regular grain and texture and is exposed over an area of more than 40 acres. In Davie there is a beautiful stone known as "orbicular" granite. The figures as to production of quarries are not recent, those for 1894 being the last. There is a list of 11 brownstone, 25 granite and 2 sandstone quarries.

F. A. OLDS.
Raleigh Press: The populist who said that Senator Butler went to the exposition with a member of his family on a free pass, says that his statement is true. He says it was the Atlanta instead of the Nashville exposition.

The Long of the Foot Ball Player
(From National Magazine.)
"I love my adversary's leg to kick. To kick upon his features with my feet. Or punt him in the stomach till he's sick—
All this is sweet."

I smile to hear his collar bone collapse, Accompanied by his expiring scream; To crack his ribs in his happiness, perhaps, Beyond all reach.

My sturdy heel into his spine I jam, To beat his mouth until he pouts at fate, To punch him sternly in the diaphragm Is rapturously great.

Than to perceive his manly blood run red
No greater joy can unto me be given;
But at one kick to kick him down stone dead
That, that is heaven."
—Lehigh Burr.

Premature Burials

(New York Times.)
The subject of premature burial is just now attracting great interest in Italy, according to a report of United States Consul Manius, at Turin. A number of prominent physicians and laymen are at work preparing reports on the subject, which will be made the striking feature of the medical department of the national exposition, next April, at Turin. Reports of a similar kind are expected from all over the world, as prizes will be offered for the best solution of the problem, and the consul says inestimable good to the cause will result if the people of the United States interest themselves in it.

"Up to the present time no infallible test for distinguishing apparent from real death has been discovered, in consequence of which horrifying cases of persons buried alive occur from time to time and are narrated in medical journals and daily papers."

It is essential that democrats should preserve strict party organization in every locality. There are great battles ahead.—Nashville Sun.

Restored Manhood.

DR. MOTT'S NERVE-PILLS.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$2.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$9.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by W. H. Green & Co.

Ask Your Druggist for a generous 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once.

It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c; Trial Size 10c at Drug-Store or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

COLD IN HEAD

MEAT. MEAT.

1 CAR LOAD RIB SIDES just come

50 BOXES RAISINS.

50 BOXES MIXED NUTS.

900 BOXES TOBACCO.

1,900 BUSHELS R. P. OATS.

798 BUSHELS COMMON OATS.

ALSO SUGAR, MOLASSES, COFFEE, SYRUP AND OTHER GOODS.

D. L. GORE,

120, 122 and 124 N. Water Street.

no 13

A CHANGE.

WE ADMIT A CHANGE IN THIS SPACE IS NOW IN ORDER, AS THE PROSPECTS ARE NOT SO BRIGHT AS THEY WERE. WE WILL HELP YOU OUT IF YOU WILL SEND US YOUR ORDERS FOR

Groceries - at - Wholesale.

REMEMBER, OUR MOTTO IS TO PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS.

McNAIR & PEARSALL

oc 24

Thanksgiving Enthusiasm

WILL NOT PREVENT YOU FROM CATCHING COLD, BUT GOOD WARM SUBSTANTIAL CLOTHING FROM MY STYLISH AND HANDSOME STOCK WILL BAR OUT CHILLS, COUGHS AND SORE THROATS. OF COURSE IT'S YOUR AFFAIR IF YOU WANT TO PAY TWICE AS MUCH FOR AN OVERCOAT OR SUIT AS I AM SELLING AT, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU WILL BUY FROM ANY ONE ELSE AFTER EXAMINING MY STOCK AND PRICES.

J. - M. - SOLKY,

17 and 19 Market Street